

PEOPLE & THINGS: By ATTICUS

IN the United States this is the time when all good actors are expected to come to the aid of the party and at the Democratic convention in Chicago this week Frank Sinatra, the famous crooner, will launch Mr. Adlai Stevenson's campaign anthem. Until the convention opens the precise title and words of this song are a closely guarded political secret.

Mr. Sinatra, a pugnacious little man with a strong social conscience, is a rabid Democrat, but the Republicans do not lack support in the upper echelons of the entertainment world.



FRANK SINATRA

Mr. Irving Berlin can be counted on to sing "God Bless America" in his rather reedy voice at important party gatherings and Robert Montgomery, the film star, is President Eisenhower's personal television coach.

Vale Cashmore

During the last campaign Robert Montgomery could be seen squatting at Mr. Eisenhower's feet like a well-fed

spaniel throughout every major television speech. Now his presence is less obvious but Montgomery still has ready access to the White House.

The entertainers and the politicians are apt to get hopelessly confused. At one rally the erstwhile Democratic Senatorial candidate from New York, Mr. John Cashmore, was in the middle of his stirring peroration when a Puerto Rican rhumba band began to play. Mr. Cashmore shouted. The drums beat faster, and eventually Mr. Cashmore had to be dragged away from his microphone by his party managers, while the crowd jeered.

No one, not even Mr. Stevenson, will be allowed to interrupt Frank Sinatra.

London Lights

IN France "Son et Lumière," the spectacular illumination of historic monuments accompanied by dramatic commentaries, has been an enormous success. It has attracted tens of thousands of extra tourists to Versailles and the Chateaux of the Loire.

In England, however, attempts to launch this attraction have been consistently thwarted. Twice it seemed that Ian Hunter, that enterprising young impresario, was on the verge of success.

At Hampton Court the Ministry of Works had given its tentative approval, when a meeting of residents decided to oppose this innovation. At Hatfield Lord Salisbury was strongly attracted to the project, but finally decided that the light and the noise might annoy his week-end guests.

Now I hear that Mr. Hunter has nearly completed new plans for launching "Son et Lumière"

in London next year. I shall not be surprised if the Tower is selected for this British debut.

Executives United

M. FOUJADE has become a world figure. Now I note the upsurge of Giuseppe Togni, a burly Italian of somewhat dubious political antecedents.

In 1944 Togni, who works for the giant Montecatini corporation, started a managerial trade union, the Confederazione Italiana Dirigenti di Azienda. Then there were 500 members. Today Togni claims 180,000 of Italy's 200,000 executives.



GIUSEPPE TOGNI

A minimum salary of more than £70 a month has been won, with numerous fringe benefits, including a month's salary as a Christmas bonus. From C.I.D.A.'s swollen coffers a lavishly-equipped 600-seat auditorium has just been erected in Rome.

After these triumphs Giuseppe Togni, who was once a labourer in a British-owned marble quarry, has formed an international organisation with members in France, Germany, Holland and England.

Executives of the world unite. You have nothing to lose but your ulcers.

Caviare Squeeze

AT the National Hotel in Moscow caviare costs just as much—23s. per portion—as it does at the Savoy. Now visitors returning from both Moscow and Leningrad tell me that there is a noticeable shortage of this staple food in both cities.

Part of this shortage is certainly due to the Persian cancellation of Soviet fishing concessions in the Caspian Sea—Persians do not seem able to produce the caviare themselves—but British appetites are a contributory factor.

In the first six months of 1955 this country imported 18,265 cwt. of sturgeon roe caviare and other fish roes prepared in a like manner worth £121,932. During the first six months of this year our caviare imports shot up to 18,267 cwt. worth £233,206. The size of this increase is, I am told, quite unprecedented.

Dublin Double

ON and of the Dublin stage Michael MacLiammóir, actor, dramatist, author, suggests in his brilliance a combination of Noel Coward and John Gielgud. He is venturesome—his portrayal of Hamlet at Sofia was a landmark of

sorts in Balkan theatrical history—he is energetic—with his partner Hilton Edwards he has produced some 300 plays in twenty-five years—and he is richly gifted.

Now, for the delight of the Dublin Horse Show visitors, he is appearing in a revue with Jimmy O'Dea, the Norman Wisdom of Ireland.

"In England perhaps it might seem strange," Michael MacLiammóir says, "but here we are less particular, rather like the French in fact. I remember Cecil Sorel reciting Racine on the stage of the Folies Bergère, but then, of course the French are merely Celts who speak a Latin language."

At times MacLiammóir and O'Dea look strangely alike. Both have unusually large eyes which can sweep the audience like searchlights, switching the audience to mirth and the other. They are a rum combination—and an outstanding success.

Liberian Interlude

LAST year 12 per cent. of the ships passing through the Suez Canal flew the Liberian flag, but the London Embassy of this small African republic remains quite unruffled by the nationalisation threat.

No one has consulted the Ambassador, Mr. Clarence Lorenzo Simpson, and he has consulted no one. Liberia has not been invited to the international conference and as yet he has not been instructed by his government to protest at this omission. At the moment, in fact, Mr. Simpson seems more perturbed by the suggestion that various British colonies might offer tax concessions to ship owners—in competition with Liberia.

Before coming to London Mr. Simpson served as his country's Vice-President, Secretary of State, and Ambassador in Washington. "I like your climate," he told me, "in Washington they say that you can get sunstroke and pneumonia at the same time." He looked out of the window and smiled. Here there was no risk of sunstroke.

Vietnese Hire

NO international congress, it seems, can meet these days without sounding a grim note of warning, and the 1,400 aparlars who have gathered in Vienna for this week's world bee-keepers' conference sound as pessimistic as a gabbie of elder statesmen.

European bee-keeping is collapsing in the face of overseas competition. This is bad in itself, but a declining bee population means fewer flowers and vegetables with less fruit and milk. A bee-less Europe, the bee-keepers cry, will eventually become a desert.

Only one cheerful note has been struck so far. The average aparlars lives six rheumatism-free years longer than his beeless neighbour.

Blinkered

MY latest prize American invention is the "eye blink meter," which has been developed by Mr. James Vicary, an expert in motivational research. His portrayal of Hamlet at Sofia was a landmark of

shops to test the reactions of women to the strain of "consumer choice." This meter reveals that the average woman blinks thirty-two times a minute when entering a shop. While actually selecting the goods her rate falls to fourteen per minute—thus reflecting a condition of semi-hypnosis. When paying the bill the blink rate soars to forty-five.

The conclusions that can be drawn from this research are, no doubt, abundantly clear to Mr. Vicary and his wealthy clients. Every year they pay him tens of thousands of dollars for his advice.

Installed in various grocery